



Some of the jungle Karens whom Phra Ram assembled.

HUNTING WITH THE KARENS

By CASPAR WHITNEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN we left the Karen village, we left behind also the assortment of Siamese whom we had been collecting all along the route of Phra Ram's pilgrimage; though it required some strategy to get clear of them, for they were unwilling to allow so well-provisioned an outfit to escape. But the Karens we gathered were little better than the Siamese we abandoned; it came near to bring a case of jumping out of the fry-pan into the fire. I had no difficulty whatever in securing Karens to join our expedition; but the hope, which had buoyed me during the pilgrimage, of getting efficient men among these people was rudely shattered. Real hunters, men who knew the jungle and the wilderness folk—were few and far between. In fact, there was not a man of my party, nor could I find one, who had ever seen a buffalo, the game I particularly sought. One chap was presented with much flourish as being the son of a man who at one time had made his way into the interior of Burma and killed buffalo and other game; but the son, though he had hunted the wild red cattle a great deal, had never killed buffalo. On the Burma side the Karens are more at home in the jungle, but those of the border line are more like the Siamese, who never venture into jungle not known to some of their people.

The little village where I picked up my men was the temporary abode of a small tribe, with its about one dozen houses standing on bamboo poles eight feet above the ground, and straggling along a small stream for several miles. Here they had made a clearing and were cultivating rice, which, together with a kind of pumpkin (gourd), wild-growing bananas, some jungle vegetables and chickens, constitutes their food. The houses were placed to command the rice fields, over which constant guard is maintained by a system of scarecrows and crudely constructed noise-making implements. For example: running from the house to the padi fields, sometimes as much as one hundred yards away,

were lines of bamboo poles, every one with a hole in its top. Through these holes a native-made rope was attached at the padi field end to a very large, thoroughly dried, hollow bamboo placed upon another of the same kind at an angle of forty-five degrees. Always some one is on watch at the house end of this line. When birds or animals steal upon the padi field the rope is pulled and let go quickly and repeatedly, which alternately lifts and drops one hollow bamboo upon the other, making a booming you can hear for a good mile in the jungle. And all this clearing and building is repeated annually, for the Karens are a nomadic people, so constantly changing their abodes that the same piece of ground is not often planted a second time. And if during the planting or the ripening of the crop some one should fall ill of small-pox, the afflicted, the house and the rice fields are immediately deserted, because the Karens are deadly afraid of it and flee for their lives on its appearance, setting up sharp slicks on all roads leading to the settlement, to intercept the demon of disease.

Like the Siamese, the Karen women are not good to look upon, and do not improve their appearance any by the style of ornaments they affect. When very young their ears are pierced to admit a small round stick, which is gradually increased in diameter until by the time the little girls have become women their ears easily accommodate a two-inch disc of blackened bamboo. This stretches the ears hideously, as may be imagined, and when the ornament is laid aside temporarily!—well—picture the thin strips of pendent ear lobe! As a rule the Karen women wear their hair long, but, like the Siamese, some cut it short, and others again keep it cropped close, except on top of the head, where it is allowed to grow to its natural length—which does not add to their by no means over-abundance of good looks. Sometimes the unmarried woman wears a breast cloth, but for the most part men and women wear a loin girdle, and sometimes even that is set aside in hot

weather. To thoroughly appreciate Japanese women one should begin the Far Eastern trip at the Malay Peninsula, journeying thence through Siam, Anam, Cambodia and China—though I confess to preferring a good-looking Chinese girl to the alleged Japanese beauty.

Bracelets and necklaces of bamboo are the other usual ornaments, except when they can afford a narrow neckband of silver, which protects, so it is believed, against many evils that lurk along life's wayside, even in the jungle. The men also wear this neckband, and bamboo an inch in diameter and about four inches long stuck through their ear lobes. Some of the boys are rather good looking. They wear their hair in a knot, like a horn on the forehead, or at one side or the other of the head or on top; and usually a turban crowns the topknot. All in all, the Karens differ not a great deal from the Siamese in physiognomy, but the people in this section of the Far East shade into one another rather easily.

Whatever the Karens know of hunting is acquired from sitting on platforms in the dry season watching waterholes for the drinking beasts; and they do little of this, for they are not a meat-eating people.

In a word, the new men engaged here were of mighty little service to me except as burden bearers; and so far as increasing the efficiency of my party, I was no better off after my visit to the Karen village than before. My immediate "hunting" force continued unchanged, and consisted of the Siamese, Thee, Nuam and Wan, who had been secured by Phra Ram as the best three in all the country. And that was true enough, for, although a long ways from being good hunters, they were really about the only natives I met in Siam who pretended to have any jungle-hunting experience; and, except for Wan, even their knowledge went no further than chance gossip. Thee's chief occupation was courting the ladies of the jungle and of the villages; the moment we crossed the trail of the eternal feminine Thee was lost to our party. I always hoped he was more capable, not to say successful in this field than he was in the one where I paid for his experience. All three carried muzzle-loading guns which had been presented to them at Ratburi by the chief; but only Wan pos-

sessed any marksmanship whatever. Phra Ram had in fact laid in a stock of such guns for distribution to the distinguished among the jungle stragglers whom we met on the pilgrimage, and they were appropriated with frank pleasure and carried with much ostentation. But Ram got no thanks from me for his generosity. The natives fired at every living thing which crossed our path, making such a fusillade that hunting was simply out of the question. When I took Ram to task he solemnly assured me that the men would not dare venture into the jungle without the guns; and when I told him I could get along better without both men and guns he protested that the king would cut off his head if he allowed the "distinguished foreign hunter" who had been intrusted to his care to venture unprotected into the jungle. So I proceeded to take the law into my own hands by getting possession of the small supply of caps and deliberately exploding every one of them on Wan's gun, which I borrowed for the purpose. Mutiny followed, but none of the gun owners left, I am sorry to say—we had too much good grub. While we stopped at the Karen village reports innumerable came to us of game, especially of elephants, of which the jungles were said to be full, as indeed so it seemed after we got started. Leaving the little village at daybreak, we had not walked more than a couple of hours before we found broad, defined tracks and, later, a wallowing pool. Whether or not you are hunting elephant, it is a joy to come upon their tracks, for they make a path easily traversed through jungle of clinging vine and thorn bushes.

After a while we came upon buffalo and red cattle tracks in a thickly wooded country of small trees, where the coarse grass grew higher than one's head. Between these stretches were occasional swamps without timber, covered with the *alang* common to all Malaya—and as wet. Not a stitch remained dry after going through one of these places. Picking up the buffalo tracks—for they alone interested me—we followed them uninterruptedly all that first day, coming again and again to mudholes in which the roiled water showed plainly their recent passing. Later we got into denser jungle and found fresher tracks. It seemed as though we must at least get sight

of the game; but after eight hours' steady going Thee decided we would not reach it that day. As I have said, Thee was the ladies' man, yet Phra Ram had made him leader of the hunters. I understood later that his people had certain agricultural interests near Ratburi, which gave him importance in the eyes of a chief interested in the local river toll.

The experience of the first day was the experience of the following two weeks,

exclusive Oriental group of deer (*Rusine*), which includes the sambar of India, Burma and Siam, with its numerous Malayan varieties, and several closely allied similar forms through Malaya and the Philippine Islands. Most important but least numerous is the Schomburgers deer (*Cervus schomburgki*), standing about four feet at the shoulder, and carrying a good-sized head entirely unique in the whole world of deer for its many-pointed antlers. This



A group of my Karen "hunters."

during which we traveled over the country and across its frequent streams, making our way toward one particular section, which, all united in declaring, was sure to yield us buffalo if we were not earlier successful. There was scarcely a day in those two weeks that we did not cross elephant tracks and the tracks of deer and the Siamese variety of the gaur; several times I had the luck to sight the deer itself.

In the Far East is an interesting and

was the only deer at which I should have risked a shot while in the buffalo section; but, unhappily, I never saw one, as it is very scarce except in the far northern parts of Siam, and not plentiful even there. In fact, good heads are rare.

Also in Siam is the little barking (*Cervulus muntjac*), or ribfaced deer, about twenty inches shoulder height, and known to almost all sections of the Far East. This I saw frequently, though it is a solitary



A young South American Guemal whose antlers resemble those of Sambar.

wanderer and passes most of its time in thick cover, coming out to graze in the early morning and at sunset. Its longest antlers (of antelope-like form) do not exceed four inches, and the head is carried very low, so that it has an ungainly, somewhat sheep-like gait, though of considerable speed. One is constantly hearing its somewhat dog-like, somewhat fox-like yelp.

The other deer most commonly seen is the sambar (*Cervus unicolor*), ranging from four to five feet at the shoulder, an Oriental species, which, with its numerous sub-species, is common to Burma, Malay, Siam and several of the East Indian islands, the most attractive head being carried by the Celebes variety, although that deer itself is smaller than the Indian or Malayan type.

Then there are the hog deer (*Cervus porcinus*) of India, two and one-half feet at the shoulder, which range through Burma, although not plentifully; and the strictly Burmese variety called "thameng" (*Cervus eldi*), about the size of a big antelope, with its Barren Ground caribou-like antlers. Except for the Schomburger, the antlers of all these deer are of simpler type than those of the European or American groups; as a rule, they have a single brow line, with the beam rising nearly straight, and terminating usually in a simple fork. The sambar is quite the largest of the Oriental group, and a fine deer it is, of powerful build, standing nearly five feet in height at

the shoulder in the hills, where it is most abundant. At the other side of the world, in Argentina and in Chili, South America, I found another deer, locally known as the huemal, which carries antlers quite similar to those of the sambar.

There are some parts of the Malay peninsula where the Sakais kill the muntjac, and even the sambar, with poisoned darts from their blow gun; but none of these

Oriental peoples are hunters of deer except by the method of watching from a platform erected near a drinking hole in the dry season. During the rainy season no attempt is made to get deer, and therefore they know nothing whatever of the science of hunting. Truth to tell, hunting craft, woodcraft, is of little service in these dense Far Eastern jungles, because there is no such thing as following game up wind except by chance, or of calculating its probable range and crossing upon it or, nine times out of ten, of circumventing it in any legitimate manner. If ever the hunter gets the game at a disadvantage it is entirely luck;



The hog deer of the Indian plains (*Cervus porcinus*).



Schomburger's deer (*Cervus schomburgki*).



Typical antlers of the Sambar of the Far East
(*Cervus unicolor*).

for there is no other way of hunting in these dense jungles than by following tracks wherever they may lead. Thus it will happen that you may be traveling down wind or up wind. If when you come within striking distance you are going up wind, a lucky star indeed shines over you. If down wind—disappointment, as you hear but never catch sight of the fleeing game. Nowhere in the world I have hunted is successful stalking more difficult than in this piece of Siam-Burma. A tangle of hanging things overhead, of creeping things underfoot, and of thorn bushes on every side, all ready to hold or to prick or to sound instant alarm to the wild folk.



The Celebes variety of the Sambar
(*Cervus moluccensis*).



The curiously antlered Thameg of Burma (*Cervus eldi*).

Stalking through such going means traveling like a cat approaching a mouse—picking up one's feet with utmost care and placing them with equal caution, the while using your long knife industriously, silently, to ease your passage.

For a few days after leaving the village Ram's habit was to send forth every morning, as preliminary to the day's hunting, twenty or twenty-five Karens to scour the country for tracks; but they made so much noise I insisted the practice be abandoned, and that the Karens remain in camp well

away from the region I intended hunting. The only real use I got out of these men was in crossing streams, as we did with more or less frequency. Because of our weakling bullocks, we almost never crossed a stream without getting stuck, and on such occasions the "hunters" came in handy to push and haul the carts out to the bank. One day we came to a river that was too deep to ford, and the Karens saved the situation by swimming the bullocks across, after floating over the carts. Then, wading chin deep, they portaged on their heads all the stuff that had been taken out of the carts, shouting and laughing all the time like a lot of boys in the old swimming hole. We were two days at this place, and the Karens had



Crossing the swollen jungle stream.

the time of their life. Meanwhile Phra Ram stood on the bank adding his unmusical voice to the general hubbub during intervals of betel-nut chewing.

After this crossing we traveled through some fairly open, grassy country, where I saw several varieties of handsomely plumaged birds, notably a woodpecker of a glorious golden red. Here we had our first view ahead of the "mountains," a range of small hills in Burma which looked very blue and of course densely wooded. Soon, however, we entered a swampy, noisome section, where both Nai Kawn and I fought dysentery which the drinking water gave us, although boiled and limited to a cup a day. The nights were cool enough to make sleeping under a light rug comfortable, but very damp; the tent was wringing wet each morning, and our rifles had to be well greased every night to keep them free of rust.

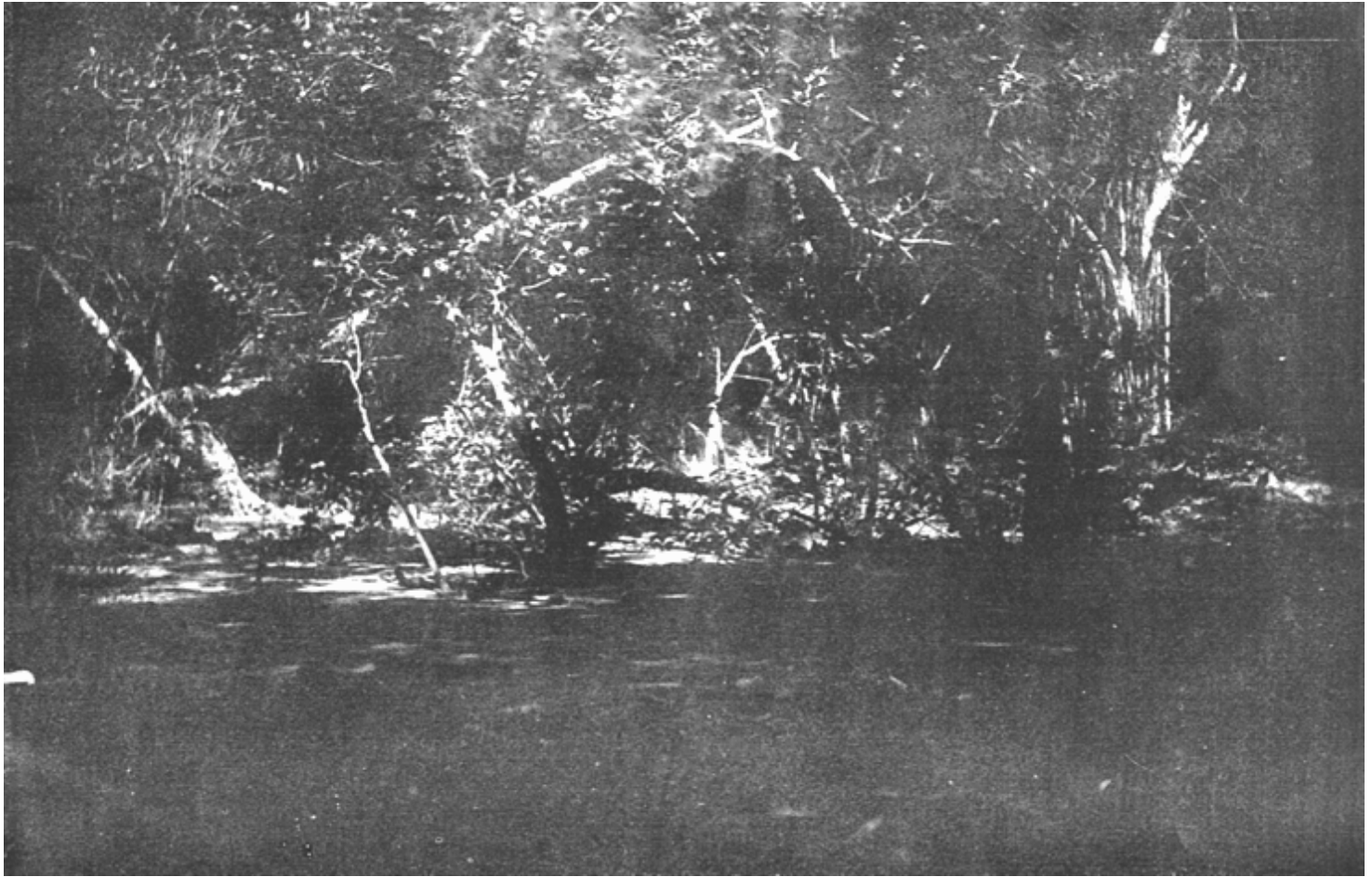
The bullocks here made very slow time, not over two miles an hour, the men plugging along single file. A week of this, with nothing to cheer the outlook, and even the usually lighthearted Karens fell into silence. Then one day we came upon firmer soil and within forty-eight hours sighted a settlement of three houses. I was in the lead of the advance group of my party and, besides discovering the village, also learned a lesson in native hospitality. When we arrived all the little group with me except Wan left and went into one of the houses, where they sat, eating bananas and bamboo cane (like sugar-cane), none of the residents either inviting me into the house or offering me anything to eat. Wan was indignant and after a little while went to the house where our men sat eating. I could hear the high notes of his complaining voice, coming fast and furious. Shortly a Karen came to me with presents or sugar-cane and cocoanut powder, for which in return I made him a present of the seed beads they prize highly. Exchange of presents is the only means of barter with these jungle people, who carry all their belongings, including betel nut, the most important, tied into a pouch at the end of their loin cloth and hung about their middle.

We had another siege of Ram's court-holding at this place, and he had to pass judgment on some of the most unlovely specimens of the human race that I ever

beheld. Something of the frank nature of these courts may be judged when I say that a woman, who complained that her husband had left her for a younger one, was asked by Ram if she had any disease, at which the entire gathering yelled with great delight, the woman herself and the Court (Phra Ram) joining in. In fact, Ram always got a lot of enjoyment out of these sittings, joking plaintiff and defendant impartially, and having, obviously, a thoroughly good time. I noticed, too, that the presents were always more numerous where Ram was in good form; and you may be sure that did not escape the chief, to whom the delay here and the further opportunity it afforded for court-holding and present-receiving were by no means distasteful.

Ram told me we were to await the arrival of some men who were really hunters of buffalo; and I groaned, for my daily prayer had become that I might lose those we already had. But we tarried. Meanwhile, Wan and I went out into the surrounding jungle, chiefly with the idea, as far as I was concerned, of getting away from the unending importunities of the dirty people among whom we camped. The country immediately surrounding these houses was a little bit more open than that which we had come through and we saw no buffalo tracks, but did see a tiger—a rather unusual experience, and the only tiger I saw in Siam. We were in a very dense bamboo thicket and I was seated, smoking, with my rifle standing against a near-by bamboo clump. As I sat, a something about twenty yards on my right moved, and, looking quickly, I just got a fleeting glimpse of a tiger slinking silently, swiftly out of the bamboo into the jungle. I jumped to my feet, but before I could reach my rifle the tiger had disappeared. I followed the tracks so long as I could see them, but never got another sight of the royal beast.

After three days the arrival of the "buffalo hunters" was the signal for a pow-wow that lasted well into the night, before Ram's tent. Such incessant jabbering I had never heard, and everybody in the neighborhood gathered to hear and to take part in the conference. I fancy every one enjoyed it but me. To my repeated question of Ram if the newcomers knew anything of buffalo, the chief would as repeatedly reply they had not got to that yet.



An elephant wallow and drinking pool in the Siamese jungle.

For the most part of the time their talk was the gossip of the jungle, usually of the character commonly exploited in Ram's open court. Thus half the night passed. Finally, however, it developed that these men, who had been searched out at a neighboring settlement, and for whom we had waited three days, had not hunted buffalo, but knew another who had killed one! Ram suggested waiting for the friend; but by this time I was bored about all I could hold without explosion, and I demanded a start the next morning. So next day we moved on, headed for the especial section where buffalo were said to be fairly plentiful. And now in a few days more we came to the real jungle, where it was impossible to take the carts, which were sent along to a settlement where we were to join them later. I took good care to send off with the carts every last man that could be spared, keeping with me only those actually required as porters, and my Siamese hunters, Thee, Nuam and Wan.

I now entered upon two weeks of the hardest, most persistent hunting I have ever done. The jungle everywhere was of the same dense, matted, thorn-filled character, but that was of slight consequence if only buffalo materialized, as seemed likely by the tracks. There was no doubt of the game being here.

The Indian buffalo (*Bos bubalus*) in its wild state appears to be restricted to India and to up-country sections of the great Indian peninsula, including that elevated section where Burma and Siam join. So-called wild buffalo are found in other parts of the Far East, which are, however, probably descendants of domesticated individuals; for in the Philippines, and on the Chinese and occasionally on the Malayan coasts, the buffalo serves as patiently as the bullock, and with greater strength. Perhaps, next to the rhino, the buffalo in its entirely wild state is the most difficult beast to find, because, like the rhino, its favorite haunts are the densest jungles, especially in the neighborhood of swamps, where patches of thick, towering grass provide covered runways, in which they are completely concealed. You might pass within a dozen feet and not see them,

In India buffalo are more apt to be in herds than in the Siam-Burma section, and in both places they are fond of passing the

day in the marshes. They are related to the Cape buffalo (*Bos caffer*), but distinguished from them by the length and sweep of their horns and the wide separation at their base, as well as by the less thickly fringed ears and the more elongated and narrow head. Besides, they are bigger, standing from five to six feet at the shoulder, while the Cape species averages from four and one-half to five feet. As to horns, those of the Indian will average a full ten inches longer, with an incomparably wider spread. The record outside length of an Indian is 77 inches, that of the African 49; but the average of the former is from 56 to 60, and of the latter 44 to 47 inches.

A breed is maintained by the Rajahs of India for fighting, whose horns have not the sweep of the Indian buffalo, but the shape of the African, with a short curve turning downward over the eye. They are tremendously more massive, however, having a diameter at the base of twenty-six inches.

Perhaps a day taken straight from my diary will best suggest the kind of hunting I had after this Indian buffalo on the Siam-Burma frontier.

"Started at five o'clock in the morning, my three hunters, Thee, Nuam, and Wan and with us a Karen, the only one of the Karen crowd supposed to know this country. Speedily found tracks, which we followed for some little time, the Karen going carelessly and noisily, rushing ahead, apparently bent only on seeing the track, without thought of the hunters behind him. Within a couple of hours of this kind of going we jumped a buffalo; could hear him crashing through the jungle not over twenty yards ahead of us. The Karen, in a much excited state of mind, claimed he had seen it; but I did not, and I was close behind. This experience, however, made me determine to keep the Karen back, so I ordered him to the rear and put Wan in front of me with the jungle knife, as it was necessary to cut our way continuously. Much annoyed by the bungling Karen, I tried to make him understand my feelings. Ugh—'it is to laugh.' Went ahead again, but the Karen came crashing up the line, jumping in ahead of Wan. Then I smote him—hard and recurrently. While I thus bade him be good another something, which we discovered later to be a red ox, jumped up and away, crashing and smashing into the



My three Siamese hunters.

Thee

Nuam

Wan

jungle. With the Karen again in the rear we went on, and soon were on the buffalo tracks. For three hours we followed these through dense jungle, finally over a hill and practically all the time moving down wind. Suddenly again the buffalo! he got our wind and bolted. Could not have been over fifteen or twenty yards off, though we could not see ten. Three hours later, after hard, patient tracking, with Wan in the lead using his parang very carefully, we again started the buffalo. Again he got our wind. At none of these times could we see the beast, although so close to him. To get that near to the same buffalo four times in one day may have reflected creditably upon our tracking, but was extremely disappointing, none the less. Such conditions make scoring impossible; you may not take advantage of the wind; you must simply follow the tracks and circle round and round or straight away wherever they lead you. You make, of course, very little headway, consuming a lot of time in patient plodding, for you must literally cut your way. Without the experience one can scarcely imagine the strain of this kind of stalking, not to mention the irritation of having around you such blundering hunters. The difficulties of getting buffalo are many, but especially because they lie up in the dense clumps during the day; and it is literally impossible to skirt around under cover, as one might do in more open country."

Thus day after day I hunted buffalo, setting out in the morning by sunrise and keeping at it without cessation until dark. I often took the precaution of moving camp several miles from where we found or stopped on tracks. And in such manner I went over every bit of that buffalo section. There were days when I did not start buffalo, days when I did not get even on their tracks, but for the most part I started game every day of hunting. One day, for example, after setting out at daylight and walking six miles to tracks, I started nothing until late in the afternoon, about four o'clock. Another day I found no fresh spoor until shortly before sunset, and then I came upon four—a bull, two cows and a calf. I was about one hour behind them and the tracks were getting fresher as I proceeded. The fact that they were leading to a piece of jungle a little less dense than

usual made me hopeful, and I followed as rapidly as I could make my way noiselessly, urging Wan to go swiftly, but silently; and Wan did his work well. The tracks kept getting fresher and fresher. Suddenly I could hear the chopping of bamboo, and shortly afterward the tracks indicated that the buffalo had begun running. Soon we came out almost at our camp. The buffalo had got the wind of our camp, which together with the noise of bamboo cutting had frightened them out of leisurely travel. The men in camp said they had seen the buffalo cross just below, running at full speed. Next morning at daybreak I picked up these tracks again and followed them for eight hours through thick jungle swamp, but early in the afternoon they led to hard ground and soon we lost them.

It was several days before I found other tracks and late, just about dark. So we picked them up the next morning and followed all day until nearly dark; again through the dense jungle, among curious clumps of bamboo, raised mound-like as a huge ant hill, and occasional trees, looking like three or four trees stuck together, having a gross diameter of eight to ten feet. We left the tracks when it grew too dark to see them, but I determined to follow them up in the morning and to go on alone with Wan. In fact, my party had by now dwindled to Thee, Nuam and Wan, for the others, walked to a standstill, had returned to the main camp. And indeed I was glad to be rid of them.

With the first light of day in the morning we found the tracks, but nothing developed until about three o'clock, when, hearing a little noise, we stopped in our stalking and listened. I tried to learn the direction of the wind, but it was impossible to say if there was wind and, if so, what its direction. Yet again the noise, and we stood so still on those very fresh tracks with the noise of the moving buffalo sounding in our ears, that I could hear my heart beat. It happened that where we stood was about the densest of dense jungle; we were literally encircled with twining rotan, bushes and cane, and thorn vines. I was fearful of moving, but move we must in order to approach the buffalo. I took the jungle knife away from Wan and gave him my gun, for I wanted to be sure no noise was made in cutting our path. Soon I dis-

carded the jungle knife and drew the smaller one I always carry in my belt for eating and general utility. We made our way a few feet at a time, bending low in the effort to get a sight ahead and locate the buffalo, which we could now plainly hear moving. It seemed not over ten or fifteen yards off. The suspense was intense. The most agonizing thoughts chased through my head: that Wan would drag my rifle, that I would drop my knife, or stumble, or something would happen to scare off our quarry, or that I might sight it running before I could get my rifle; yet I dared not let Wan do the cutting for, good man as he proved, I was afraid of a slip; so afraid. I could not talk to him, could not impress upon him the importance of quiet; but I think my attitude and my gestures made him think that something very serious was about to happen.

Foot by foot I got a little nearer. Then there came a noise as though the buffalo had started, and my heart sank to my boots; yet, listening, it appeared he had not moved farther away. Then again we began our slow, painfully slow approach, all the time dreading that the buffalo might move off, even if we did not scare him away, because our catlike approach was consuming time. I prayed for an open piece of jungle, but it remained as dense as at first. Almost crawling on my stomach so as to minimize the cutting and to give me a better opportunity of seeing in front, I worked ahead, hearkening for every sound, and reassured by the noise such as cattle make when resting, of feet stamping and tail switching.

Finally I thought I could catch sight of the tail as it switched, then, not over ten

yards away. I worked a little farther and then reached back and took my rifle from Wan, determined now to squirm ahead, if it was humanly possible to do so, without cutting; keeping my gun at a ready. But it was utterly impossible to go ahead, and I was making noise. I feared I could get no closer into that thicket, yet the effort had to be made; so, keeping the tail in my eye, I forced forward. The noise was startling; the tail stopped switching; it seemed to me I could see the outline of the hocks stiffen as the buffalo prepared to jump. It was a case of sheer desperation; making a rough guess as to where its shoulder might be I fired, knowing that only by an extraordinarily lucky chance could I score. Instantly there was a tremendous racket. When we got to where the buffalo had stood we saw a little blood on the bushes, about rump high.

We followed the buffalo for the rest of the day—for half of the moonlight night—uselessly, for the tracks grew dim and the shifting clouds and heavy foliage made it quite impossible to see. It was a mad chase, and Wan was indulgent enough to remain with me uncomplainingly.

We lay down in the jungle to rest until daylight without going to camp, which was far away, and then again—the tracks; but we never saw that buffalo, and I hope no other hunter ever did; for I should like now to think that my bullet made only a flesh wound which never embarrassed the buffalo's progress, rather than that the beast wandered at the mercy of the jungle great cats, to fall an easy victim, or to die the lingering death of the seriously wounded.



The barking deer (*Cervulus muntjac*).