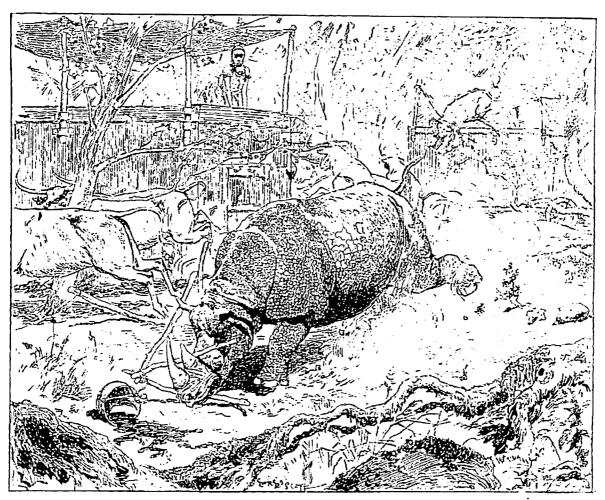
The Pet Rhinoceros.



"AND SIXTEEN COWS ALL LOST THEIR WITS."

A PASSION for Zoology
Is everywhere admired
By cultivated brains—and yet,
A young rhinoceros as a pet
Leaves much to be desired.

So found one naturalist of France, Who owned, in such degree As might excuse a gentle pride, Knowledge exact and classified Of all the beasts that be.

For one bright day his curious pet,
Which seemed both dull and sad.
Stood up, and said, "I wonder wh;
Like yonder lightsome butterfly
I, too, should not be glad?

"Methinks I straightway will escape
From this unpleasant pen;
I'll be a prisoner here no more,"
He vowed, "I'll first break down this door"—
And did it, there and then!

"I cannot fly," he proudly said,
"Because I'm rather fat;
I cannot dance in joy and mirth"—
Yet where's the butterfly on earth
Could do a thing like that?

He started on his glad career
Across the orchard green,
Not light of tread, nor sweet of voice,
Yet bound with nature to rejoice
In such a beauteous scene!

Of that gay frisk, the dire effects

Let not the curious ask;
To tell what harm his romping wrought,
What wreck and what distress it brought,
Would be too hard a task.

Suffice it that the garden-beds
Were bared of leaf and bloom,
A blanchisseuse had several fits,
And sixteen cows all lost their wits,
Upon that day of gloom!

His master, then, with much regret, And sadly drooping head. Consigned him to a one-franc show. "Unjust it is to treat me so," The young rhinoceros said.

"You oft remark, 'In this dark world True cheerfulness is sweet,'
Yet from my home I have to part,
Because, though wisely light of heart,
I'm heavy on my feet!"
ELIZABETH W. WOOD.

Young England: An illustrated magazine for hops throughout the English speaking world, Lindon 1896