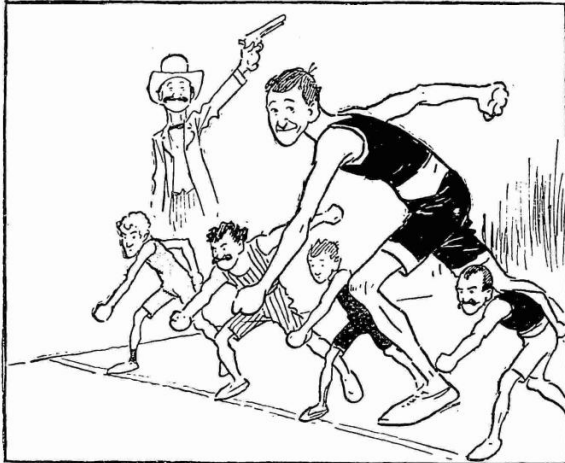


Trapping a Rhinoceros.

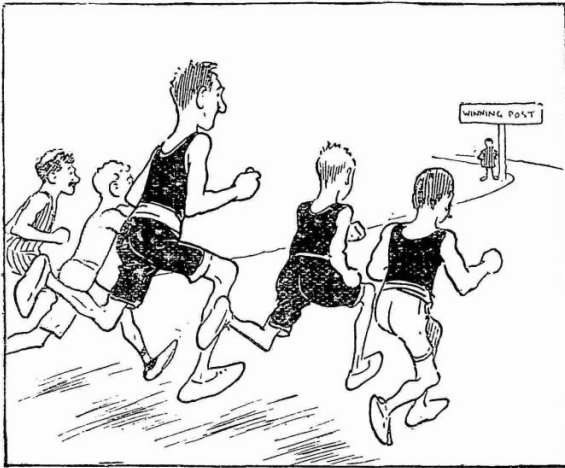
Chums(London, England), Wednesday, January 17, 1900; pg. 339; Issue 384. *New Readerships*.

Category:Essay

Athletes, Is This Not So?



AT THE START OF A RACE YOU ARE SO CONFIDENT OF WINNING THAT YOUR OPPONENTS APPEAR TO BE MERL POMMES.



AND THE WINNING POST SEEMS TO BE BUT A FEW STRIDES OFF.

In the Same Coin.

A RATHER simple countryman had been induced by a man who imagined himself very clever to promise a fine hen of a particular breed in exchange for what was said to be a splendid rose bush. When the rose bush was eventually brought it turned out to be nothing more than a sprig with a little root to it.

The countryman grumbled, but the other said he had only to wait a few years and it would be a fine bush. He then claimed the hen, whereupon the countryman went to his fowl-house and brought back an egg.

"That is not the fowl you promised me," said the clever man.

"No," said the countryman, "but you have only to wait a year, and at the end of that time it may grow into a fine fowl, you know."

Trapping a Rhinoceros.

A TRAVELLER with three native hunters had an exciting adventure in the Transvaal a few months ago in attempting to capture a rhinoceros.

We came upon a big two-horned specimen suddenly (says one of the hunters), and were obliged to climb a tree to escape its horns.

The animal made for the tent of our party, a short distance away, and then retired.

Next day a pit was dug in the swamp, and a native sent out to decoy the prey. Soon after we heard the shrill notes of the rhinoceros bird, which is invariably found in the company of the beast.

The native came through the clearing with the animal in the rear. The rhinoceros was a big one, and it ran with its snout down and its tail erect. We cheered the native to encourage him, and away the two went up the trail we had prepared.

Had the race been ten yards longer the native would have had to leave the path to avoid death. As he neared the pit he ran along the edge of it, while the rhinoceros thundered along the centre.

It was within twelve feet of the heels of the runner, when its feet slid from the solid earth and the animal plunged head first into the pit.

As it struck it rolled over on its right side, and by the time we reached the pit it was helpless.

We had come prepared for such a job as we now had on hand. The huge animal must be got on board the barge provided for that purpose, but we were in no hurry to begin. We got our ropes and chains ashore, drove stout stakes where they would be wanted, and moved the barge to a convenient spot. By this time it was dark, and we tied the old fellow's hind legs together and rode off.

After breakfast next morning we began work. We first hobbled the sulky beast, and then hoisted it out of the pit. The first thing the rhinoceros did was to make a rush, but it was a failure.

We got ropes attached to the trees and staples, and by these means we checked the animal or dragged it along as we willed. All we had to do was to keep clear of those wicked horns.

By noon we had the rhinoceros safe on board the barge, one half of which was given over to it for safety.

We had managed the capture without inflicting any injury.

His Choice.

"HAROLD!"

The indulgent father of the young man who had just finished his college course laid his hand on his son's shoulder.

"Harold," he said, "I don't complain because of the money I have spent in educating you. I have supplied you liberally with the means to enable you to fit yourself for any career. If you fail it will not be my fault. I am still willing to help you in any way you can reasonably ask. You have had a long course of preparation for success in life, and now it remains for you to say what vocation you will choose. Don't fear to aim high, my boy. Tell me, what shall it be?"

Touched deeply by this evidence of paternal pride and devotion, the young man answered:

"If I can have my own way about it, sir, I think I'd like to be a retired Army officer on half-pay."

"Well, Willie, what did you say when Uncle Skinflint gave you a Christmas box?"

"I was too surprised to say anything."



BEFORE THE RACE PROCEEDS, YOUR OPPONENTS GRADUALLY INCREASE IN SIZE, THE WINNING POST REcedes—



AND BEFORE THE COURSE IS HALF FINISHED YOU FEEL SO SMALL COMPARED WITH THE OTHER RUNNERS THAT YOU GIVE UP IN DESPAIR.