

### CHARGED BY A RHINOCEROS.

A GREAT traveller and sportsman relates that on one occasion while hunting rhinoceros, having wounded one, she charged suddenly, and knocked him down, but fortunately missing her stroke with her horn she went fairly over him, leaving him to struggle out from between her hind legs. Scarcely had she passed when she turned and succeeded in cutting him from knee to hip with her horn and knocking him over with a blow from her foot. She might easily have completed her revenge, but she plunged into a thicket and let her victim escape. Meeting her again on the same day, the sportsman gave her several bullets, and she fell. He walked up and was just going to make sure she was dead when she again leaped to her feet. He hastily fired and rushed away, pursued by the infuriated animal, which, however, fell dead just as he threw himself into a bush for safety. The race was such a close one that as he lay he could touch the rhinoceros with his rifle, so that another moment would have been fatal to him.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

38. Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree top, &c.

39.	1	2	3	4
	Bear	York	Fowl	Pear
	ease	oven	ogre	ebro
	asia	rede	wren	arno
	ream	knee	lend	root
	5	6	7	8
	Lamb	Fire	Coat	Lion
	area	idol	once	into
	melt	ross	acme	otto
	bath	else	tees	noon

40. (1.) Smirke. (11.) Ostade.  
 (2.) Constable. (12.) Lely.  
 (3.) Bourdon. (13.) Borgognone.  
 (4.) Angelo. (14.) Mabuse.  
 (5.) Opie. (15.) West.  
 (6.) Meyer. (16.) Matsya.  
 (7.) Vernet. (17.) Fuseli.  
 (8.) Both. (18.) Hogarth.  
 (9.) Steen. (19.) Sarto.  
 (10.) Kneller.

41. Subjects.—Haste. Speed.

1. Hercule S.
2. A s P.
3. S e i n E.
4. T i m E.
5. E d w a r d.

42. (1.) Value of house 5986l. 0s. 8d. Furniture 748l. 5s. 1d.

(2.) 2l. 4s. 8d. and 1l. 9s. 6d.

### THE LAST PIPE.

A MAN in a rural settlement in America, who had been an inveterate smoker for the past twenty years, suddenly and for ever gave up the practice. He knocked the ashes of his pipe into a keg of gunpowder.

### A FORTUNATE MISADVENTURE.

(Concluded from p. 403.)



BELIEVE we must apologise for having made you spend such a miserable night,' the latter said; 'our only excuse is that the likeness is something extraordinary.'

'Do you feel up to coming to identify your coat?' asked Jack; 'it will save a good deal of trouble.'

The soup had made me a different man, and I agreed.

'How did he become possessed of it?' I inquired. 'He told me my things were in the next carriage.'

'No doubt he noticed the likeness too,' said Wilson, 'and contrived to change carriages and leave you with his things, hoping to throw us off the scent.'

'That was why he sent me off on a wild goose chase for my purse, no doubt. But where was he when you looked in at Thornham?'

'Oh, I suppose he was under the seat! or, perhaps, he slipped out of the window on the other side, and hung on till the train started, trusting to the dark to hide him. He must have seen us on the platform before the train stopped, and he knew we should be deceived long enough to give him a start.'

We proceeded to the waiting-room, and there, stretched on the table, partly covered with a rug, was the unfortunate fellow wrapped in my greatcoat, which was torn in places and saturated with blood. The knowledge that had I retained that coat I should have been in his place almost unnerved me, and it was some minutes before I could reply to the question as to the contents of the pockets.

I described my purse and a letter case with my initials worked on it, but when the policeman handed it to me, with the initials stained and almost obliterated, I could scarcely take it from him. Just then, as Jack was bending over him, the poor fellow opened his eyes, and, after regarding him attentively for a minute, said, in an almost inaudible whisper, 'Am I done for?'

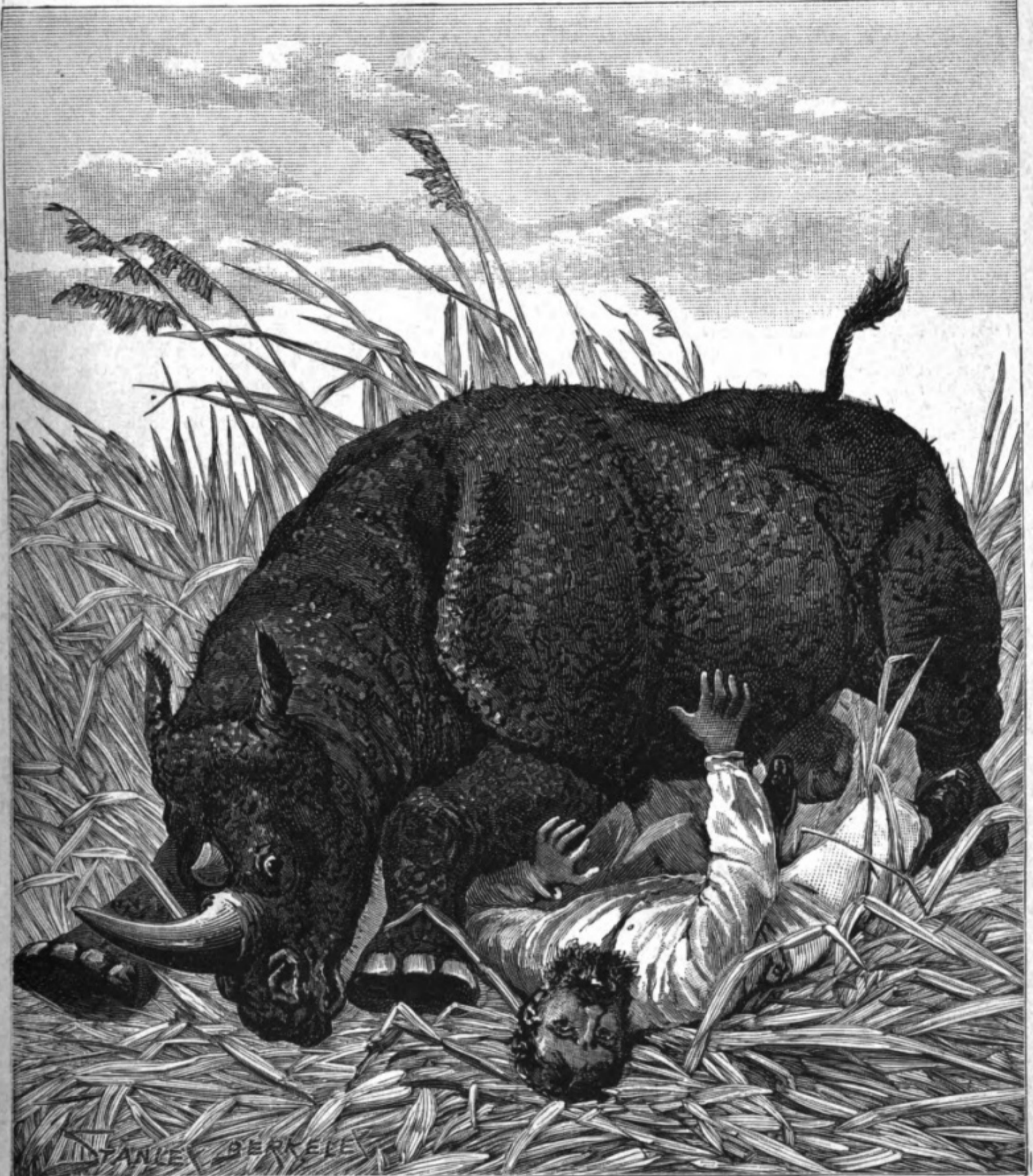
Jack made him swallow a few drops of some restorative before replying, in a tone of compassion, 'Yes, my poor fellow, I am afraid you are.'

The poor lad, for he was little more, closed his eyes again, and for some minutes there was a silence, broken only by his heavy breathing and an occasional groan. Wilson took out a pocket-book, wrote a few words, and handed it to Jack, who nodded assent. Presently there was a restless movement, he opened his eyes and looked round the room. He gave a start as he saw the policeman, who advanced to his side.

'Don't! don't!' he moaned feebly; 'no need now. Let me be.'

'I won't touch you,' said Wilson, gently, as he leant over him; 'but just tell me if you are George Harris; it can't do you any harm now, and it may save other people from trouble.'

'Yes, I am,' was the faint answer; then after a pause, in a succession of gasps, 'I know—what you—want me for—I didn't mean it—I was not quite—hit



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